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## CYNTHIANA NEWS JOB OFFICE.

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## THE Maiden's Wish.

By J. C. JONES.

Down upon the sea, the sounding sea,  
A maiden fair sang merrily,  
And the sound of her song as it fell o'er the waves,  
Was joined by the echoes of ocean's cave—  
Bathed in soft and saffron light,  
As the maiden fair bathed her rosy feet.  
  
The song of hopes so pure and bright,  
At last she crossed her path with light,  
Came like a halo around her thrown  
By the hand of an angel earthward flown,  
Singing on, in her girlish glee,  
To the echo which came from the restless sea.  
  
"Old golden and bright is this caro," she said,  
And life has such bright hints o'er us laid,  
That I would ever a maiden be,  
Living life's hours fancy free,  
With none other trouble or weary care  
But to sing gay songs and to braid my hair."

But the maiden fair not long she'll sing—  
Fair o'er her fair form dash shadow fling;  
For the young pure heart unguarded lies,  
And love's amorous arrows through her bright eyes  
And ere long shall stand 'neath the trysting tree,  
While her beating heart sighs sorrowfully.

Oh! maiden, maiden! the earth is fair  
When we only the joys of childhood share,  
But sweeter, far sweeter, will hours be  
When our hearts beat quick 'neath the greenwood tree,  
As the trusting soul breathes in new life,  
When the world cannot darken withal its strife.

The love, the love, which makes this earth  
So bright and fair is of heavenly birth,  
And the hyscious scene which in its glow  
Must something fair to itself its charms—  
It would seem some heart where a fair  
And, finding it not, will droop and die.

## CUE TO LIFE.

Head-quarters of the type of importance,  
Whether with glee and mirth I may doomsday  
Or go to heaven, experiencing the happiness  
And thus come true in the instant sense  
That is the question.

Rear section of young creation, ready to stand  
In the shade of golden glow—  
Doomsday like the shadow to be seen up high,  
But grace will all the trimmings understand  
To help direction.

Expecting some moment, when on thee I dine,  
Held by the plates and key'd like a swine,  
Three short midway of the leg be mine,  
Then put the rest away—till the cue  
Is paid right high.

**FAMILY LIFE IN GERMANY.**—The publishers of the Philadelphia North American have the very best of foreign correspondents. We frequently make extracts from their letters. Here is one about family life in Germany; very good that, but the cooking and eating we don't think we could stand.

"To pass from penities to happy life, I am now enjoying good opportunities of studying the latter in Germany, being snugly ensconced in a genuine good German family, and seeing a good deal of it in little entertainments. One of the first things which strikes an American is the great importance which the whole business of eating assumes in a German household. Instead of three meals, one must here eat at least five or six times a day. In the family in which I am making my home, every one drinks coffee with bread soon after rising in the morning, then takes a lunch at about eleven, a regular dinner at one, bread and coffee again at half-past three, a slice of bread and butter or a cake at six, and a supper at eight o'clock. Apples and bread are always on hand for such as find themselves un hungered between these meals. In the cooking one also notices striking peculiarities. What would be thought in America of fish stewed in beer, of tongue boiled with raisin sauce, blood sausages, cold potatoes dressed with oil and vinegar, chocolate soups, and other soups sweetened, of rum poured into cups of tea to destroy their watery effect, of ham eaten raw, of cold sausages as the most elegant ornaments of a tea-table, &c. &c. The amount of pork consumed, particularly in the way of sausages, (to adopt the charitable supposition that the sausages are actually made of pork,) is something perfectly awful. I hardly know a country whose cuisine has so decided a national character as the German. With all its peculiarities, it extorts on the whole, a favorable verdict from most strangers. The Germans are fond of good eating, and they know how to make their viands toothsome. As may be easily imagined, the preparations for eating occupy a good portion of the German housewife's time. She is emphatically a stayer-at-home; she mends the clothes, she knits and sews, she attends with a quiet smile to the conversation of the lords of creation, encourages the children at study over their books, and listens with pleasure to their musical performances. Worthy of respect indeed is the German woman, and an American could only wish that the same deference and attention were always paid her in society which her sisters in our own country receive. Cheerfulness reigns ever in a German home. The vivacity of the

French may be wanting, the liveliness wit of the American; but placid contentment, honest pleasure in little things, mark the course of each day's life.

From the London Globe, August 10.  
**The Pope's IRISHING UP HIS KING AND  
MAINTAINING OF SARDINIA, &c.**

It might have been thought that the Infallible Father of the Infallible Church, who had proclaimed to all Christendom his egregious exaltation in having decreed a new Article of Faith in this nineteenth century, must have laid in a stock of ghostly solace and gratulation sufficient to last his time, and might have sung his "Nunquam moritur" in sublime independence of all sublunar contingencies.

Much to our concern, however, Pope Pius's soul, he tells us, is "desolated with incredible anguish." What is still more lamentable is, that the Holy Father finds himself compelled to do violence to "that mansuetude and mildness, which," he acquaints us, "he derives from nature itself, and to arm himself with that severity which," he further acquaints us, "his paternal heart holds in honor."

"Spain, Switzerland, Piedmont, have constrained Pope Pius to put forth 'the Apostolic severity.' His Sardinian Majesty and his Ministers are formally declared to have incurred 'the greater excommunication and the other ecclesiastical censures and penalties inflicted by the Sacred Councils, the Apostolic Constitutions, the General Councils, and above all, the Holy Council of Trent.'

The Pope is too gallant a man to go quite so far against Queen Isabella at present, and therefore contents himself with reprobating and abrogating the recent constitutional laws of that country, and declaring them null and of no effect, so far as they pretend to regulate ecclesiastical property or deprive the Church of its "power and liberty" to engage in active persecution of members of any other communion who exist in Spain.

As regards Switzerland, his Holiness is too much distressed at all that is going on there, to unburden himself in detail of his griefs against that country; but he means to hold another audience to the Secret Consistory on that subject—Spain, and Piedmont, surely that laid claim to be the mother of the two as I believe now given to the world.

The reader will ask what are they all about? Why, about the laws respecting the greater number of ministerial orders in Piedmont, and that recently passed in Spain, abolishing the tenure of property in monasteries, and substituting the public funds for land as the source of ecclesiastical revenue.

In short, as General Zalaya, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, tells his Holiness very plainly in answer to his present remonstrances, the main dispute is about a matter of money. "The Queen's Government," writes the Minister, "cannot tolerate the prelates expressing the profound concern with which, animated as it is, by sincerely Catholic dispositions, it sees the Holy See engaged in a struggle in which—ever granting all its allegations—nothing is in question but material and mundane interests."

We shall not, of course, enter into the argument between the Pope and the General as to the right sense of the Concordat of 1851. The latter, indeed, cuts that question short, in a style which might suggest short for reflection to his Holiness, by saying, that, "at the point things have now reached—at the height which the question must now be treated—it matters little whether the terms of the article of the Concordat in question should be understood in one way or another."

This is a slight intimation to Pius IX, that he is not living in the age of Gregory VII. His Holiness, however, is in his altitude also, and insists that the Concordat definitely established that the Catholic religion "should continue to be the only religion of the Spanish nation to the exclusion of every other worship, and that the church should always retain the uses of her primitive right to acquire new property, held by whatever title or tenure, and that this right of property in the church should be inviolable, not only for what it then possessed, but for what it might acquire thereafter."

As regards the matter of money, which is the really substantial part of the grievance, General Zalaya replies that the church is only included in the rule now established against the tenure of property in monasteries, and has no right to complain that it is included in that general rule, which admits no exceptions, ecclesiastical or secular.

With regard to the alleged infringement of the rights of the Catholic religion as the sole religion of Spain, the Minister points out that no other form of public worship is permitted. The liberty of the church then, one would think, remained intact—even to the extent that no other church but herself enjoys a vestige of it.

This is not enough however for a church which has had an Inquisition at its orders. Throughout these allocations the liberty and power of the church are always coupled. Do you call the church free, remonstrates your Holiness, where she may not persecute heretics in society which her sisters in our own country receive. Cheerfulness reigns ever in a German home. The vivacity of the

## INSTANCES OF PUPIL ELOQUENCE.

In the life of John Flavel, a renowned dissenting preacher of England, it is said "one of those omens, which are supposed to announce future eminence, accompanied his birth. A pair of nightingales made their nest on the window of the chamber of his mother, and with their delicious notes sang the birth of him, whose tongue sweetly proclaimed the glad tidings which gave songs to the night." I cannot say that the oratorical distinction of John C. Burris was preceded by any such incident, but it has seldom been my fortune to hear a more brilliant and eloquent speech. In very early life, a student in Washington, I heard the famous Summerfield, a young Methodist itinerant. His face and form were of womanly, almost angelic beauty. A divine lustre beamed from his eyes. His clear, full, sonorous voice, fell like the tones of a mountain bell, one moment, and anon, came crashing, thundering down, with terrible effect on the startled masses, forcing them to cry aloud and crowd together, with uplifted arms, as though for shelter from an impending avalanche. His eloquence shook sin from its citadel and dragged vice and fashion from their "pieds of place." The sensation produced was tremendous. Methodists followed his footstep. As a field preacher he towered alongside of Whitefield; but he soon went down to the grave, consumed by his own fire, and called to a higher sphere for some inscrutable purpose.

It is related of Bossuet, that when he was paying attention to the girls, he could not raise courage enough to pop the question, though he tried to do so a dozen times, and would have been a lonely, dangerous, dispirited, old, seedy old "bastard," troubled with the blues and hypochondriasis, had not his adorable come to the rescue. For the benefit of throbbing hearts singing in the bowers of love, and dene up in deity, we tell the secret as it was told to us. Mrs. R.—invited him to dinner, and, of course, to dinner he went. The great things were all dished up, and the party drew around the table. Mrs. R.—listened to do the terrible, and all went nicely until the last course, when Jollybones noticed his kind master coming in. "Pray, dear, what shall I help you to?" said Jollybones. "I really don't know," then glancing toward the head of the table, she added, "another, do you think little maria's ceremony would hurt me?" But, before Jollybones had turned his eyes toward his mother, she had arisen and was going to the kitchen for another pot of tea. That night the marriage ceremony was dished up to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

It is related of Bossuet, that when he pronounced the funeral sermon of the Princess Henrietta and described her dying agonies, the whole audience arose from their seats, with terror in every countenance.

When Massillon ascended the pulpit on the death of Louis XIV., he contented for a moment the impressive spectacle—the chapel draped in black—the magnificent mausoleum raised over his bier—the dam but vast apartment filled with the trophies of the glory of the monarch, and with the most distinguished persons in the kingdom. He looked down on the gorged scene before him, then raised his eyes to heaven and said in a solemn, sublimed tone, "Veni spiritus meus—God only i-

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